



National Literary and Publishers Service Bureau,
1416 Market St., Hannibal, Mo.

1st } "Leaves of the Woods" See "Breezes" - Song Poem
"Friends of Long Ago."

2nd } "First Snowstorm"
"Greenwood" Riddle.
"Pansys"

3 My Rosary of Years

4 "Christmas" } Nov. 19. 1915
"New Day" }

Poetry Pub. Co. Chicago.
Nov. 26. 1915.

Empire State - Jan 28. 1916 - Knickerbocker, N.Y.

Cosmos Magazine, 1914. Wash. D.C. "Breezes" ^{Returned} "Call of woodland" 4/27/16
Atlas Pub. Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. Nov. 27/16 "First snowstorm" "New Day" Ret
"Breezes" "Christmas" ~~in Poetry~~ "I won better" (Gifts & Roses)

D. Cook, Chicago - "Spirit of Xmas", "Call of woodland", "Riddle", Ret.

Rochester Herald - "Twilight" 1/21/17 Accepted - Printed 1/29/17
Northern Christian Advocate - Dec. 4:13 - "New Year" 1/21/17 Accepted, New Year provided Feb. 1/17.

Pictorial Review 216-226 W 39th St. N.Y. "Twilight" 1/21/17 Ret.

Typ. Cosmos Magazine - Wash. "Twilight" 1/27/17

"Elmira Herald" 1/30/17 "Falls of Glenora" Accepted

Typ. Bank Plaindealer - Memories of childhood. 1/30/17

Typ. The Music Pub. House - Long Branch, N.J. "New Day" 2/8/17

Elmira Herald - "My Corner" "Breezes" 2/8/17

Rochester "Band in the way" 2/8/17 Printed

Northern C.A. "New Day" 2/8/17

Journal { "Call of the Woods" with illustration } Housewife & Ret.
 "Zorreges." 8/23/15 Fenelope. { Literary Bureau 9.3
 H. Amie M. 9/15
 with friends of Long Ago

Complain { "Parosyes," Returned } 8/23/15. Platform for all stars
 "First Snow storm"

Gentlewoman { 9/6/15 } Prallie Editor - Hulls & Dell Greene saying
 Instructions for Puzze Contest - { Rec 9/16/15
 Kodakery - 9/6/15 } Instructions for Prize Contest - { Rec - 9/15/15 -

Aunt Sue. Rosary, New Day, Lake Keuka, T. Briggs. - Father's death
 Band of the way.
 Household Guest Golden Hour Club, 550 N La Salle St, Chicago.
 "Spirit of Christmas" (E.S.)

Uellie W. Greene,

Diamond,

New York.

February 3, 1903.

God made the 1st Day - Light
2nd " " - Air and water
3^d " " - Dry land and vegetation.
4th " " - Sun, moon and stars.
5th " " - Animals of air and water.
6th " " - Land animals and man.
7th " " - Rested.

Christian Culture Class for Bible study.
1902-1903. Rev. D. C. Sprague.

1 What is the Bible?

A collection of 66 separate books,
and is the word of God spoken through
man to man.

2 What were the original languages in
which the Bible was written?

The Old Testament was written
in Hebrew, the New Testament in Greek.

Note Jesus spoke in Aramaic.

3 What can be said as to the date of writing?

For the most part only approximate
dates of the different books can be given.
Old Testament books were written before
Christ's time, and New Testament books
were written in the first century of the
Christian Era.

4 How has the bible been preserved?

In three ways — (1) By means of copies, (that is "manuscripts")
(2) By versions (that is "translations into other tongues") (3) quotations by various writers.

5 When and by whom was the entire bible translated into English?

By John Wicliffe, completed in the latter part of the 14th century.

Supplemental question

To whom do we owe more than to any other man the present literary estate?

Wm. Tyndale, strangled at the stake in 1536.

6 What is meant by the authorized, or King James version?

It is our present (old) version, which was translated during the reign of King James of England.

by 47 learned men. Completed in 1611.

7 What is the revised version?

Acts 21-15 A revision of the authorized version made necessary by (a) Change in the English tongue.

Acts 2-47 (b) Advance in scholarship.

1 John 5-7, 8 (c) Finding of new manuscripts.

Supplemental What is the American Standard edition of the revised version?

An edition put out in 1901 by the American committee of revised version. It embraces many changes in punctuation, interpretation of the text, grammatical construction, change of words and so forth which adapts it more to our needs and makes it by far the best translation of the scriptures for our use. The revised version was completed in 1885.

Introductory Note.

It is the purpose of this course to study an outline of the Old Testament history. Lack of time, and vastness of the subject limit the scope of the work.

It is our aim simply to get a sketch that shall be both accurate and helpful. It is hoped that in the years to come many will make an elaborate study from this sketch.

Our text book is the bible, we follow a help manual of bible history by Rev. Wm G Blaikie and the answers given will be largely based upon his views.

8 What do we understand by the term "created" as used in Genesis chapters 1st and 2nd?

There are two views held. (1) The word itself does not signify created out of nothing (according to Prof. Harper of Chicago University.) (2) On the other hand Prof. Blaikie asserts that the bible teaches

"That all things were created or formed at the beginning out of nothing."

9 Can we assign any date to creation?

Absolutely no date can be given. Bishop Usher's chronology sets the date 4004 B.C. only as a starting point.

10 What are some of the teachings of Genesis chapters one and two in reference to creation?

(a) It teaches us that there was a time when the world, as we know it, was not. (b) It teaches that things now existing have not just grown by themselves. (c) It teaches that God brought this earth, and the light upon it, into being by successive stages in successive periods. (d) It teaches that all else was preparatory for man.

11 Is there any correspondence between science and the Bible regarding the order of created things?

There seems to be a general correspondence but no absolute agreement in detail.

- 12 Do we have traditions of creation coming down to us from other ancient peoples?

Nearly every race has some legend or story of the creation and the origin of man. Babylonians, Assyrians^{and} Egyptians.

- 13 In what part of this order of creation was man created?

Man is the crowning work of God and all else was created for him.

Supplemental - What is meant by man being created in the image of God.

Image has two meanings - (a) intellectual powers, his liberty of will and superiority among the creatures. (b) immortality, grace, holiness^{and} righteousness.

Gen. 5-1, 3; Gen. 9-6; 1 Cor. 11-7; Col. 3-10; James 3-10.

14 In what condition do we find man and woman at first as scripture reveals them?

Gen. 2-9

" 3-22.

Innocent and at peace with God and with the possibility of deathless life.

15 Where was Eden?

There is no unanimity among scholars as to its location. Any one of three conclusions is possible. (1) Pres. Harper says to the writer it was indefinite, he simply did not know where it was. (2) The topography of the country has changed. (3) It was an ideal graphic description intending to represent no particular place.

16 What was "The fall" and what caused it?

By willfully disobeying God man forfeited his original possibilities and as a consequence sin entered his life with all its terrible results. It was caused by a temptation from without.

Rev. 19-9.

" 20-2.

17 What is the result of "The fall."

(a) The fall of Adam brought death not only to himself but also to his descendants. (b) It brought sin and the tendency to sin. (c) and yet notwithstanding this the individual does not lose his responsibility.

Rom 5-12.

Supplemental What great passage foreshadows the Christ and ultimate victory over sin?

Genesis 3. 15.

Gen. 4-2.

18

What was the occupation of Cain and Abel?

Cain was a tiller of the soil and Abel a keeper of sheep or shepherd.

19

What was the difference between their offerings?

Abel's sacrifice was more worthy

Heb. 11-4.

because it was offered by faith, beyond this simple statement nothing is revealed in the word. Note Cain's anger, what does it signify?

1 John 3 12

Jude 11

20 What was the punishment of Cain for slaying his brother?

(a) He was driven from the visible presence of God. (b) Driven from his brethren. (c) An additional curse upon the earth. (d) Peace and happiness denied him. (e) His descendants not spiritual.

21 What place in the first family does Seth appear to have occupied?

The place of the slain Abel.

22 What can be said of the descendants of Cain and Seth?

The descendants of Cain were successful in the pursuit of worldly occupations while those of Seth were eminent for their piety.

Gen. 4-17, 24, 26

" 5-18, 32

23 What can be said of primitive civilization?

Blaikie is of the opinion that the original condition of man was simple civilization with all the world of discovering invention lying before him, but while some fell, others rose.

24 What can be said of the length of life of the antediluvian world?

Two facts are to be kept in mind.
(1) man was fresh from the hand of the creator, no hereditary taints, no diseases and simple habits.

(2) The common tradition among all nations that the lives of men were much longer in the beginning.

Supplemental

Gen. 5, 24.
Heb. 11-5.
Jude 14

What kind of a life did Enoch live and what became of him?

For 300 years he lived in such close contact with God that scripture says "He walked with God." God took him to Heaven without his seeing death.

25

Gen. 6-5, 7, 13

Jude 14 & 15

What can be said of the wickedness of this period?

The wickedness of man was very great on the earth. it seems to have come mostly from the line of Cain. Long length of life and worldly pursuits without religious motives were great factors in bringing it about.

26 What did God find it necessary to do?

Gen. 6-5, 13. God found it necessary to destroy man from the face of the earth except those who had found grace in his sight.

27 What method did God take to save Noah and his family and replenish the earth with "beasts, fowls and creeping things."

God caused Noah to build an ark in which were gathered eight souls and of beasts fowls and creeping things seven each of the clean species and two each of the unclean.

28 How long was the Ark in building and why?

120 years in building. This implies that God gave man an opportunity to repent.

29 What were the dimensions of the Ark?

Length 547 feet, height 47 feet, width 91 feet.

30 What was the extent of the flood?

There is every reason to believe that the flood was co-extensive with the human population of the earth.

31 Do we have traditions of the flood outside of the biblical records and what do they prove?

Every branch of the human family has traditions of the flood and they prove that the flood was co-extensive with the population of the world.

32. What are the geological evidences of the flood?

The dist. at the east of Ararat bears remarkable traces of having at one time been under water.

33 What did Noah do when he first came forth from the Ark?

Gen. 8-20. He first built an altar and offered upon it a sacrifice to the Lord.

34 What three precepts are found in Gods covenant with Noah and what is the sign?

(a) - 1- Abstainance from blood.
2- Prohibition of murder. 3- Recognition of civil authority.

Gen 9-1, 16 (b) The rain-bow.

35 What is the earliest record we have of the curse of drink?

Noah. Genesis 9-21

36 What portions of the earth did the descendants of Noah people?

In general terms most of Africa was peopled by descendants of Ham. Most of western Asia by Shem. Most of Europe ^{and} northern ^{and} eastern Asia by Japheth.

Noë Races of Japheth produced the Aryan
Races of Ham produced the Turanian
Races of Shem produced the Semetic.

37 Which line are we to study in this course?

Gen. 11-27 Line of Shem, the Hebrew race.

38 What is the biblical explanation of the scattering of the race to form different races speaking different languages?

Gen. 11-1, 9.

The building of a mighty tower that so displeased God that he confounded their languages and scattered them abroad over the face of the earth.

39 #1 a) What period have we been studying and
(b) what period are we now to study?

(a) Antediluvian - that is before the flood. (b) Patriarchal - that is from the birth of Abraham to the death of Joseph.

40 What is God's plan now?

It is to found a nation that shall be lead in a spiritual manner by him so that he may send his son into the world to save the world.

41 What was the call of Abraham?

The call came in the form of a command accompanied by a promise. The command was to leave his native land and go to a land that would be shown him. The promise was the assurance of his seed becoming a great nation.

42 Where did he receive the call?

Apparantly it came to him.

Gen. 11-31 in two places. In Ur of the Chaldees where
" 12-15 he was born and in Haran about 300 miles
Acts 7-3,4 north west.
Heb. 9-7
Heb. 11-8

43 Outline his wandering life up till his
Gen. 12. final settlement in the promised land.

He leaves Haran with Lot (his nephew) and comes to Sichem, thence he journeys to Bethel, tarries a short time, is driven out by famine and goes to Egypt. There he deceives Pharaoh and is sent out of Egypt, he returns to Bethel - after this he remained in the land of promise.

44 What caused the separation of Lot and
Gen. 13, 5-12. Abraham and where did Lot go?

Coming to the small territory and the size of their flocks and herds, the herdsmen of Abraham and Lot could not agree so Lot goes to the plains of the Jordan.

45. Where does Abraham spend the remainder of his life?

At Hebron about twenty miles south of Jerusalem and at Beersheba

Gen. 13, 18 several miles south west of Hebron.

46. What is the next important event in the life of Abraham?

Rescuing his nephew Lot and his fellow captives and their possessions from Chedorlaomer and other worthless kings.

47. What blessing does Abraham receive from a strange Old Testament character?

Melchizedek, King of Salem, priest of the most high God blesses Abraham.

48. What important use is made in the New Testament of the 47th question?

Ab. typical usage is made of it in Hebrews. Melchizedek is the type, Christ the antitype, the points of contact are — first;

both are Priests. second. both are without Father, Mother, genealogy having neither beginning of days or end of life, so wish Christ in a spiritual sense.

49 What promise does God now make Abraham?

God promises him a son and assures him that his seed shall be as numerous as the stars but before his seed can inherit the promised land they must serve in Egypt four hundred years.

Gen 15+17.

50 How did God manifest himself to Abraham at Hebron and why?

In the disguise of men who were in reality angels. The circumstances of the time required it.

51 What spiritual lesson can be drawn from Abraham's intercession for Sodom?

God grants requests because his servants importune that would not be realized otherwise.

Luke 11-5+8

52

What cities did God destroy in an unusual way and what new testament lesson is drawn from the incident?

Deut. 29
Hosea

(a) Sodom, Gomorah, Admah and Gebim.

(b) In Luke 18, 32 Jesus gives Lot's wife as an example of a disobedient soul.

53

What scripture in reference to Hagar was strangely fulfilled?

Gen 17, 11-13

Ishmael, her son, became the founder of the Arabian race and the characteristics traits of the Arabs strikingly fulfilled the prophecy.

Gen. 16-21

54

What are some of the lessons taught by Abraham offering Isaac?

1st Obedience - Obey God let the outcome be with him.

2nd God taught the Hebrew race at the outset that he did not want human sacrifices, but true sacrifice to be made in the spirit.

55

Relate the facts of Isaacs marriage.

Abraham sent his servant Elazer to Mesopotamia to secure a wife for Isaac. The servant brought back Rebecca, granddaughter of Mahor, Abrahams brother, who became Isaacs wife.

56

What historic spot became the burial place of Abraham and his wife?

The cave of Machpelah in Hebron.

57

What are the characterics of Abraham?

He well earned the title "Father of the faithful", great love for and confidence in God, marked shrewdness and common sense characterized his life. Had large knowledge of the world and much skill in business, great self possession, good temper, meekness and patience, a warm domestic affection and thoughtful of others - in short one has said this he is one of the finest & noblest of characters in all sacred or profane history.

58

Gen 12. 3.

In what sense are christians to day the fulfillment of Gods promise to Abraham?

Gal. 3. 29.

Abraham founded a nation to be prepared for Christi advent. Christ himself was a direct decendent of Abraham. Those who accept Christ then come under the promise

59

What can you say of the character of Isaac?

The greatness of his Father Abraham seems to have overshadowed Isaac. Had deep reverence for God and a gentle nature. His was not the nature that achieves great things - he was suited rather for a quiet peaceful life.

60

Outline his life.

1st, He seems to have lived with his Father till Abraham died. 2nd, Esau and Jacob born. 3^d, Esau sells his birthright. 4th, Isaac removes to Gerar on account of famine. 5th, but because of his great prosperity is sent away. 6th, returns to Hebron and digs three wells.

7th, He blesses Jacob. 8th, Jacob is sent to Mesopotamia for a wife.

61 What are the facts in connection with the transfer of the birthright from Esau to Jacob.

Two steps are involved. 1st, Jacob proposes to Esau when he returns hungry from a hunt to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage and Esau sells it fairly. 2nd Years later when Isaac is old and blind and desired to bless Esau before he dies he sends him to the field to hunt. That the blessing may be over a meal. his wife desired that Jacob have the blessing so she covers Jacob with a hairy skin Isaac is deceived and the blessing that can not be revoked is given Jacob. Isaac finds out his mistake when Esau returns but it is too late to change the blessing.

Supplemental

Was the transfer of the birthright justifiable.

It was certainly as is shown by two facts One - what the word says Rom. 9, 13. Hose 12, 4 & 5.

Gen. 25, 28. Second the relative worth of the two men. As to the method we can say that it was not suggested by God so far as the word indicates.

62

Of what importance was the change of birthright.

The blessing of Isaac carrying with it the promise of God to Abraham (which would naturally have come to Esau and his descendants) is transferred to Jacob and his descendants.

63

What important part in history do the descendants of Esau take.

They become a powerful nation known as the Edomites with their capital at Petra which was located in ~~the~~ a great highway of traffic. Through all Israel's life as a nation they are enemies to Israel and furnish occasion for many a prophecy.

64 What is the significance of Jacob's vision at Bethel.

It was an assurance to Jacob of God's presence with him and that through him was to come the fulfillment of the promise made to his Grandfather Abraham.

Gen. 28-10-22.

65 What events take place at Padan aram.

He works for twenty years as Laban's servant, marries Leah and Rachel. Eleven sons are born from which eleven of the twelve tribes of Israel are named. Benjamin the twelfth is born later.

Gen. { 30
29
31

66. What was the covenant between Jacob and Laban and what important use do we make of it.

1st The pile of stones were set up and a meal eaten. The pile of stones became as a seal, witness or watch tower (Mizpah) and Laban said "The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another"

Gen 31, 49.

2nd It is used as a C. E. benediction.

67 What important lesson is taught Jacob at Peniel

Gen 32. Jacob was seeking to win his brother Esau by guile, purchasing his favor with gifts and thus obtaining peaceable possession of the inheritance. But God teaches him at Peniel that he is greater than Jacob, therefore let Jacob trust God rather than his own cunning.

68 Describe the meeting between Jacob and Esau.

Twenty years before Jacob had been compelled to flee from the wrath of Esau and now he looks for a stormy meeting but when they meet Esau runs to Jacob and the two greet each other as brothers should.

69 Where is the remaining portion of his life in Canaan spent

At first a wandering life from place

to place in the promised land. Finally he comes where his Father still lives at Hebron, shortly after his Father dies leaving him the head of the tribe. Here the remainder of his life in the promised land is spent with his sons occupying all the south country from Bethlehem to Beer-sheva.

70 What are Jacob's characteristics
He more nearly resembles Abraham than does Isaac, relies too much on self however and not enough on God. He trusts to strategy and his own cunning, has strong love for home but shows partiality. Character is of that mixed kind difficult to estimate yet with all he has great faith in God and is owned by God.

71 Who now becomes the prominent character and what providential circumstances bring it to pass.
Joseph.

2nd The favoritism of his Father keeping him informed concerning his brothers and two dreams that bespeak his future greatness bring upon his head the wrath of his brothers who sell him to a caravan of Ishmaelites who in turn sell him in Egypt where in time he rises till he occupies a position next to Pharaoh.

72 Show in Joseph's life in Egypt how God prepared the way and led Joseph step by step so that Israel should come to Egypt.
Gen. 45-7

First step - Allowed Joseph to be sold in Egypt as a slave.

Second step - Rose to great favor with his master.

Third step - Cast into prison on false charge.

Fourth step - Interprets dream of the Kings butler and baker.

Fifth step - This leads to Joseph interpreting the Kings dream

Sixth step - Joseph is made next to the King of Egypt.

Seventh step - Famine comes and brings Joseph's brethren, resulting in all his kindred moving to Egypt.

73 How many enter and what part of Egypt did they settle.

1st Gen. 46. 27. Doubtless there were a large number of servants and attendants.

2nd They were assigned to the land Goshen which is in the extreme North-east, and excellent pasture ground.

74 Why was Israel placed in bondage in Egypt for 400 years.

The bible does not tell us: doubtless it was because that they might grow up a separate and peculiar people. Had they remained in Canaan they would doubtless have intermarried. When God was ready for them they were a strong race, trained

by trials and Gods dealings, ready to be led by him to conquer and possess their inheritance.

75 What striking lesson is found in the
Gen 48+49 ^{chapter} blessing bestowed by Jacob on his sons.

The subsequent history of each tribe
fulfills to a wonderful extent the
predictions of Jacob

76 What was the condition of the children
of Israel in Egypt.

While Joseph lived they were undisturbed
and prosperous but after his death a new
king came who knew not Joseph - he oppressed
the people and made them slaves. This is
their condition during the remainder of their
stay in Egypt.

77 What can be said as to the date and
authorship of Genesis?

Absolutely no date can be given when
the book of Genesis, in its present form

was written or compiled. The book does not tell us who the author was. many suppose that Moses wrote it. probably much of the original material may be ascribed to him.

78 What does the book of Genesis teach.

Genesis is the book of beginnings. The object of the book is to trace from the earliest past the course of events which issue ultimately in the establishment of Israel in Canaan.

79 What have we found of great importance to keep in mind in our study of Genesis

God dealt differently with his children then than he does now. The race was in its childhood and God was seeking to reveal himself unto the world. What might be wrong now might not have been wrong then because of the circumstances of the times.

May 3, 1908.

Memory Verses.

Psalms 27-1

The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear. The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid.

Sept. 29. 1903

Psa. 27-4

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to enquire in his temple.

Sept. 30 1903

Psa. 91-1

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most high shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

Psa. 91-2

I will say of the Lord He is my refuge and my fortress: My God - In him will I trust.

Oct. 2. 1903

Psa. 119-73

Thy hands have made me and fashioned me: give me understanding that I may learn thy commandments.

Oct. 6.

Psa. 119-2

Blessed are they that keep his testimonies and that seek him with the whole heart. (7)

Extracts from the
Northfield Calendar. 1904.

"For me to live is Christ: and to die is gain" Phil. 1:21

Take a man who is truly married, who in the gracious kindness of God has met that woman to whom he can really give his love and whose love he has received: that man never forgets, morning, noon and night that he is married.

Now when a man has given his life to God and God has filled the life he never gets the thought of God out of his mind. It lies deep, deep down, it becomes the basis of his being, his thinking his living, and his determining.

"Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation, he that believeth shall not make haste." Isa 28:16

"Neither shall he cry." It is always a bad sign when people begin to screech. It is a sure sign that they are not very sure of their ground. So long as you are sure, you can afford to be quiet: When you are beginning to slide, you begin to scream. Jesus Christ never cried aloud.

May 1 "And the greatest of these is love" 1 Cor. 13:13

I have tried to demonstrate that the fruit of the

Spirit is love, and that love included everything.
Joy is love's consciousness. Peace is love's confidence.
Longsuffering is love's habit. Kindness is love's
activity. Goodness is love's quality. Faithfulness
is love's quantity. Meekness is love's tone. Self-
control is love's victory. G Campbell Morgan

May 2 "But now being made free from sin, and
become servants to God, ye have your fruit
unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." Rom. 6:12, 23.

The nearer you live in the power of the Holy
Ghost, the more keen you are to notice the approach
of temptation and the more prepared you are to
reckon yourself dead to the world of sin ^{H. B. Meyer} and lust."

Lorena

Father's favorite.

The years creep slowly by Lorena,

The snow is on the grass again.

The sun's low down the sky Lorena

The frost gleams where the flowers had been

But the heart throbs on as warmly now

As when the summer days were nigh

Oh the sun can never dip so low

Adown affection's cloudless sky.

A hundred months have past Lorena

Since last I held thy hand in mine

And felt thy pulse beat fast Lorena

But mine beat faster far than thine.

A hundred months - 'twas flowery May

When up the hilly slope we climbed

To watch the dying of the day

And hear the distant church bells chime.

We loved each other then Lorena,

More than we ever dared to tell,

And what we might have been Lorena

Had but our loving prospered well.
But thou tis fast - the years are gone
I'll not call up their shadowy forms.
I'll say to thee "Lost years sleep on,
sleep on nor heed lifes pelting storms."

The story of the past Lorrna
Alas! I care not to repeat.
The hopes that could not last Lorrna
They lived - but only lived to cheat.
I would not cause thee one regret
To wrangle in thy bosom now
For "if we try we may forget,"
were words of thine long years ago.

Yes those were words of thine Lorrna
They burn within my memory yet
They touched some tender cord Lorrna
That shuddered and tremble with regret.
Twas not thy womans heart that spoke
Thy heart was always true to me
A. stern and pressing brooke.
The tie that linked my soul to thee.

It matters little now Lorena
The past is in the eternal past
Our heads will soon lie low Lorena
Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.
There is a future Oh thank God.
Of life we are so small a part.
Tis dust to dust beneath the sod
But there up there, tis heart to heart.

Music given me when a girl by a friend Allie Heab.
Hert Thou Thinking of me. Bradford. N.Y.

Hert thou thinking of me dearest
Is my image in thy heart
Dost thou wish I were beside me
Never more from thee to part
Lovingly I'm waiting for thee
Wishing so the time were o'er
That so cruelly divides us
May those hours soon come no more.

Chr.

Art thou thinking of me dearest
Is my image in thy heart
Dost thou wish I were beside thee
Never more from thee to part.

In the golden hours of morning
At the first-flush of the day
Dost thou waken from sweet dreaming
Of thine own, thy chosen May.
For my voice thou dost thou listen
As in former happier days
When thy slumbers I would waken
With the sweetest of my lays.

Through the day of busy toiling
In thy heart I fane would dwell.
From its woeful care beguiling
With love's potent magic spell.
And when evenings rest comes to thee
Pillowed is thy weary head
Will thy last thoughts ere thou sleepest
To my lonely self be led.

1/24 1909

Called Aside.

Called Aside -

From the glad workings of thy busy life
From the worlds ceaseless stir of care and strife
Into the shade and stillness, by thy Heavenly Guide.
For a brief space thou hast been called aside

Lonely hours

Thou hast spent, weary, on a couch of pain
Watching the golden sunshine and the falling rain
Hours whose sad length only to Him was known
Who trod a sadder pathway, dark and lone.

Called Aside -

May not the little cup of suffering be
A loving one of blessing given to thee?
The cross of chastening sent thee from above
By Him who bore the cross, whose name is Love?

Called aside —

Hast thou no memories of that "little while"
To sweet remembrance of the Father's smile
To hidden thoughts that wrapped thee in their hold
Of Him who did such light and grace unfold.

Called aside —

Perhaps into a desert garden dim
And yet not lone when thou hast been with Him
And heard His voice in sweetest accents say
"Child wilt thou not wish - We this still hour stay?"

Called aside —

Oh knowledge deeper grows with Him alone
In secret oft His deeper love is shown
And learned in many an hour of deep distress
Some rare, sweet, lesson of His tenderness.

Called aside —

In hidden paths with Christ thy Lord to tread
Deeper to drink at the sweet fountain head,
Or in friendships with Him to roam
Dearer, perchance, to feel thy heavenly home.

Called aside -

We thank Thee for the stillness ^{and the shade}
We thank Thee for the hidden paths Thy love hath made
And so that we have wept and watched with Thee
We thank Thee for our dark Gethsemane.

Called aside -

Oh restful thought - He doeth all things well -
Oh blessed sense, with Christ alone to dwell -
So in the shadow of Thy cross to hide,
We thank Thee, Lord, to have been called aside

Beyond.

It seems such a little way to me
 Across that strange country - The Beyond;
 And yet, not strange, for it has grown to be
 The home of those of whom I am so fond,
 They make it seem familiar ^{and} most dear,
 As journeying friends bring distant regions near.

So close it lies, that when my sight is clear
 I think I almost see the gleaming strand.
 I know I feel those who have gone from here
 Come near enough sometimes to touch my hand.
 I often think that but for our veiled eyes
 We should find Heaven right round about us lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dread
 When from this dear earth I shall journey out
 To that still dearer country of the dead
 And join the lost ones so long dreamed about.
 I love this world yet shall I love to go
 And meet the friends who wait for me I know.

I never stand above a bier and see
The seal of death set on some well loved face
But that I think "One more to welcome me
When I shall cross the intervening space
Between this land and that one over there;
One more to make the strange Beyond seem fair,"

And so for me there is no sting to death;
And so the grave has lost its victory.
It is but crossing - with a bated breath,
And white, set face - a little strip of sea
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.
Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Written October 31, 1914.

Another soldier fallen, another comrade true
Has marched into the Great Beyond, In his uniform of blue.

When Lincoln called for volunteers in Eighteen Sixty-Two
He joined the One Hundred & Forty Eighthth & marched with the boys in blue.

Three years he marched with Butler, under the southern sun,
To night when Taps had sounded, his marching days were done.

Eighteen times, he stood in battle, when the bursting shot and shell
And the hissing of the bullets seemed the crackling fires of hell.

Eighty-six years he fought lifes battles, winning some in others lost,
Always honest & courageous. doing right - what ever the cost.

Two score years & three he journeyed with his bride of "Trifly One
Side by side through storm & sunshine, they have reached lifes setting^{sun}.

A husband kind & true was he, of Father the very best
A comrade always trusted. his name was never a jest.

To night the flag of his country, the flag he loved so dear
Is draping his worn, weary body, so cold on his funeral bier.

The death Angel entered our dwelling ^{and} folding him close in his love
Has taken the soldier so honored, to his beautiful mansions above.
His Daughter

Mizzpah - To Inez

The Lord keeps watch twixt thee ^{and} me, for now our paths must sever to
You go your way, I go mine, both guided by His eye divine.

Your path may lead through weary pain, but be assured ^{again} till ^{turn}
The darkness comes before the day - the sun will shine upon your way.

And when the pain is hard to bare ^{and} hope gives way to deep despair
Then lift your eyes to Heavens blue ^{and} think how much He cares for you.

Perhaps just now your way is steep ^{and} filled with thistles strong ^{and} deep
But firmly clasp His hand so true, He'll surely lead you safely through.

The Lord keeps watch twixt me ^{and} thee, while you are absent dear from me
And when your path shall lead back home, will pray you never more need roam.
June - 1915

August 1915.

To May

In the merry month of August
In the year nineteen fifteen,
When the flowers were wedding gaily
And the grass ~~was~~ lovely green
Came a winsome little lady

To our home in fair Dundee
Leaving all her cares behind her
Brought she naught but joy to me

Many pleasant hours we lingered
In the swing beneath the tree
Laughing, chatting whispering gaily
Telling secrets - you and me.
When the moon rode high above us
In his course from east to west
Was the time we both enjoyed dear
Out of all the hours the best.

It was on a Sunday morning
When the sky was overcast
And we both - were much afraid dear
That the rain was going to last
But all our fears were groundless
For the sun did brightly shine
And in all its radiant beauty
Because that "Pierce-Arrow" car of mine.

The day was just plain perfect
Surely made for you ^{and} I
Not a tiny little cloudlet
Could be seen in all the sky.
The state road stretched before us
Winding like a ribbon gray
"Among the hills so tall and stately
Nature's beauties decked our way.

Our driver wish - his best friend
Attention paid to duty
Turning only wish - a smile
When we raved over beauty

Stopping once his aid to land
Of a car disabled
Once again he stopped right short.
O'er a dog "uncradled";

Through the Lamoka valley
And over the hills to Park-
Around the little Twin Lakelets
Round our wonderful park-
The "Soldiers Home" gave us greeting
With a concert by their Band
Which has a reputation
The best in all our land.

But the beauties of Lake Keuka
Once seen we can
I'm sure you will never forget
For the sun as it traveled westward
Reveals more grandeur
Surpassed all scenery yet.
Bluff Point, calmly majestic
Its endless vigils keep
Watching so tall and stately
O'er the waters of the deep.

The circling of the Air ships
Added all zest to our joy
And gave to our hearts the pleasure
Such dangerous crafts employ.
We watched their flight into the sunset
As wafted on dreams of light
Our thoughts took shape, and silence
Fell over our hearts that night.

For we thought of the wondrous beauty
Of a loving Father's plan
That had placed in the heart of nature
Such delight for the heart of man.
And as our eyes drank deeply
And our souls with love were filled
We turned to the God of nature
And felt our beings thrilled.

It does us good to wander
In the green of life's highway
And to look beyond our fence-post
Into His most perfect day.

For our lives become too narrow
When we see the same old spot
And we almost cease to thank Him
For our share in His great plot.

We came to the end of our journey
To the end of the Perfect Day.
And out of the glorious moonlight
Found home at the close of the way.
And soon came the time to part dear
For other things claimed you.
But while we are missing you sadly
We have had to bid you adieu.

I hope my friend of dear old days
My friend I love so fondly,
That in the years that stretch before
You'll ponder oft profoundly
Upon your visit to my home
my home in Bournemouth
And come again some summertime
To visit my Mother and me.

Fenelope.

A. L. & P. S. B.
Sept. 1915

My friend of long ago.

In a pretty little village nestled close among the hills
Where the storm-clouds in the summer brought the water to the mills
Where the sky all blue ^{and} glorious brought to us the summer flowers
Is the place where you ^{and} I dear, spent our happy childhood hours

How well do I remember the day when first we played

When as a stranger in the place, down to the creek I strayed
Below the bridge on the farther side with rod and line complete
You stood, with water circling round you ^{and} toy fish at your feet.

The years that have come ^{and} gone dear, have never dimmed the view
I had that summer morning of my new home ^{and} you
When standing in the water, in your gingham dress of blue
You looked me over carefully ^{and} I as carefully looked at you.

Perhaps we were two bashful kids, in those days of long ago
For I'm sure I don't remember how long we stood there so.
"What's your name?" you then did ask me, ^{and} I quickly answered "Nell"
Back across the sparkling water came the echo "Mike is Nell."

Wish that we were well acquainted, friends were born ^{between now and then}
That was many years ago day. I was ^{thirteen} and you was Ten.
I am sure you will remember all the happy school-girl years
All the laughter songs and music, sprinkled frequently with tears.

The little, old, red school house in the wood of Fir and Pine.

There we always had our Play house, covered well with moss and vines.
I am sure you've not forgotten the Glen we loved so dear
With its pools and ponds and hollows, hours we spent in playing here.

I do so well remember your home beneath the trees

Those Maples tall and stately catching well the summer breeze
The house is standing there to day, as in life's early dawn
But the home is only a memory for the loved ones all are gone.

The little low brown cottage on the hill beyond the Glen

Was my home. How much I loved it, love it now and loved it then
The memory of our childhoods home will never be forgot.
To us it is a blessed, a Holy. Hallowed spot.

their way.

The years in their swift flight, my friend have passed us on
And brought us many heartaches ^{and} sprinkled hair with gray
The grim black messenger of death, has taken toll from you
Not only of your very own, but many schoolmates too

He has been kinder far to me than he has been to you.
The schoolmates that we loved ^{and} lost. I loved ^{and} missed them too
But when he took my Father, my Daddy, ^{and} Brother
He left me desolate indeed. years before he claimed my love.

Well now, my old time school friend - my friend of long ago.
I think they draw us closer - the years that come and go.
Will not forget the school days ^{and} the walks among the clover
Will keep in memory happy days ^{and} ever live them over.

June 1913.

X
"Greenwood"

"Just a wearying for you
All the time a feeling blue
Restless - Don't know what to do
Just a wearying for you."

Just a longing for the comfort
Of the deep green of your pines
Kiss the glorious rays of sun shine
Just a peekin' through the vines.

Just a wishin', Oh I'm wishin',
I had nothin' else to do
But to leave life's cares ^{and} worries
And spend the years with you.

Dear old Greenwood I am tired
I am weary ^{and} oppressed
And there's nothin' more to wish for
But to come to thee ^{and} rest.

For the Heavenly Father dwelleth
In the deep green of your trees,
And He rests His little children
If they meet Him on their knees.

Free from all the cares ^{and} heart aches
In the silence of the wood
And I'd leave them all behind me
And forget them if I could.

So I long to leave the City
And to rest me on the sod
And to look from Nature's beauty
Humbly up to Nature's God.

July 1911.

A.L. and P.S.B.
Sept 1915 -
All etc. Nov. 1916

X
The first snow-storm.

Every tree is one huge snowball
Every wire a rope of white,
For a mantle soft and downy
Covers all the world to night.

Through my window in the moonlight
Peeking through the frosty air
I can see the marvelous busy beauty
Of the Father's love and care.

He said to the lovely flowers
As they drooped their sleepy heads
Come deary, - 'tist Thanksgiving
Time for all were in your beds.

So He laid them all so gently
In their beds of earth - so brown
Tucked them up all warm and comfy
Covered them with sheets of down.

Dec. 1914.

2
Ad. and P.S.B.
sept. 1915

X

Pansies

A maiden danced down the garden walk
To visit the Pansies^{and} hear them talk
They say beautiful things each morning to me
And their bright pretty faces I love to see.

One has a face of a Pirate bold
With all the evil a face can hold
And one is saucy^{and} winks one eye
At every sunbeam that passes by.

At hide-and-go-seek one little one plays
And no one can help but laugh at her ways
While one Japanese with pompadour hair
Stands solemn^{and} serious, filled with care.

This one is laughing^{and} that one is mad
There are faces serious^{and} some that are sad
The wee maiden smiled and shook her bright head
"I can see all kinds in my Pansy bed.
July. 1915"

7
M. L. P. S. 13
Sept. 1915
Cook "97/16

X
Riddle.

I have a riddle old and true

If you'll listen closely, I'll tell it to you
If an answer you guess to my riddle deep
I'll tell you a story before you sleep.

"Two little hands so soft and white-

Two little eyes so round and bright-

Two little ears like shells from the sea

Two little dimples that hide from me.

One little mouth of rosebud hue

One little nose that's stubby too

Two little feet just made for fun

To frolic and play till the day is done."

My wee small maid with eyes of blue

Have you guessed the riddle I've told to you?
You surely are a bright little lady

The riddle I've told is our own precious baby

Sept 1915

Brickbush
540 Gailly Bldg.
A.H.
A.D. and P.S.B.
Jan. 19. 1915
Brickbush
17/3/15
"Song"
Printed
4/11/16
M.L.S. 1916
X

The New Day.

I wonder each morn when the light comes,
And the dawn in the east I see,
What God in His love and wisdom
Holds in the new day for me.

Will it bring me a song of gladness
Or will it bring me pain
Holds the hours aught of sadness
Or watching by loved ones again.

But whatever the Father sendeth
That is the thing worth while,
And although the tears may be blinding
I'll look in His face—and smile.

Sept. 1915.

Composed Aug. 1914.
Not written until Sept. 1915.
Rewritten Jan 4. 1917.

Hand P.S. 12
Sept. 28, 1915

X

My Rosary of years.

I'm alone to night with my Rosary

My Rosary of years.

I'm remembering all the heartaches

The joys the sighs and tears.

One by one they slip through my fingers

These beads of white or gray

Bringing me back the visions

Of a bright or a cloudy day.

This bead of such gleaming whiteness

Brings only thoughts of you

When we met one summer morning

When the grass was pearly with-dew.

Here's a series of beautiful white-ones

With once in a while a gray

And at the end the golden cross dear

Which marks our wedding day.

Over.

I wonder if up in Heaven
You are looking on me to night.
As I sit alone in the twilight
Counting my blessings bright.
For even though early you left me
To fight life's battles alone
I count your love and protection
The most wonderful boon I've known.
Sept. 17, 1915.

1- Ill.
N. L. and P. S. B.
Sept. 1915

The Call of the Woodland.

I hear the call of the woods to-day
It sinks into my heart
It joins all nature in its lay
To come from the world apart.

Lets drop all care and worry
And from all thought be free
Lets leave the hustle and hurly
And hide - just you and me.

Aug. 1913

Comes
7/27/16

Cook " 7/27/16

2/10/17
Elmer Holmes
Knickerbocker
Studio.

I'll stay in my own small corner,
~~No Suffrage!~~

Do I advocate votes for women?

I can quickly answer you "No."

I'll stay where the Father designed me to stay
So many long centuries ago.

We each have a place assigned us.

In God's most marvelous plan
The home for the wife and Mother,
Out in the world the man.

Even the birds in the tree tops
And the smallest of fish in the sea
Are fulfilling the law He created
For them, and for you and for me.

So I'll stay in my own small corner
Nor look with envious eyes
To those whose duty it is to control
Our country with plans so wise.

Sept. 1915.

1
N. L. and P. S. B.
Gong Pann.
Crownps. 4/9/16
Alas 11/17/16
Woman's Natl. May
Wash. D.C. Oct. 21, 19

Breezes

Saucy Spring time breezes in the leafless trees
Whirling over the woodlands and the inland seas
Hunting for the violets underneath the snow
I bring joy and gladness everywhere you go.

Happy Summer breezes in the tree tops green
Dancing with the sunbeams on the silver sheen
Laughing at the south wind when he tries to scold
Happy Summer breezes will you ever grow old

Gentle Autumn breezes floating toward the west
On the fleecy cloudlets you can surely rest
The days bring peace and pleasure to you now I know
Gentle Autumn breezes we all love you so.

Noisy Winter breezes marching over the hills
Scattering to the south-land all the pretty vills
Covering buds and blossoms with a blanket white
Making all things cozy for a winter night
July 22, 1915

X Lake Keuka

The beauties of Lake Keuka

Once seen, we can never forget
With its banks well covered with vineyards

Surpassing all scenery yet.

Bluff Point - calmly majestic

Its endless vigils keep
Watching so tall and stately.

Over the waters of the deep.

The circling of the Air-ships

Added all zest to our joy
And gave to our hearts the pleasure
Such dangerous crafts employ.

We watched their flight into the sunset

As wafted on dreams of light
Our thoughts took shape, and silence
Fell over our hearts that night.

And we thought of the wondrous beauty
Of a lovelier Father's plan
That had placed in the heart of nature
Such delight for the heart of man.
And as our eyes drank deeply
And our souls with love were filled
We turned to the God of nature
And felt our beings thrilled.

It does us good to wander
In the green of life's highway
And to look beyond our gate-post
Unto His most perfect day.
For our lives become too narrow
When we see the same old spot
And we almost cease to thank Him,
For our share in His great plot.
Oct. 1915

Mag
L. Harold
Jan 28, 1916
Rochester, N.Y.
Printed Apr 10, 1917
Wm. H. H. H. H. H.
Wash. D.C.

The bend in the Road.

My heart was ^{typed with longing} hot and restless
And my life was ^{so} filled with care
And the burdens laid upon me
Seemed more than I could bear,
So tired was I with the warfare, with its fight from day to day
With its ceaseless grind and heartache
I almost forgot to pray.

But a letter came to me one day
A letter filled with cheer
From a friend in a distant city
In my heart I hold most dear.
And she told me of the pathway,
Where just around the bend
Were the cooling shade and beautiful flowers
God, in His love would send.

She told me - things that all went wrong
Would all be right some day
And when we least expect it
We'll find the bend in the way.

With all the sorrow^{and} heart ache
And all the burdens too
Would melt away like the snowflake
Or dissipate like morning dew.

So I raised my eyes to Heaven
And to my Father's face,
And asked to be forgiven
Then by His side took my place,
Once more strong for the conflict
Ready to do and dare,
Cheerful, and happy and willing
Knowing His love waits me there.

October 1914.

I never question God's way for me
This way I know is ever best.
I only question my own restless soul
To keep in this way - till I enter His rest.

Sept. 1914.

Dr. S. and P. S. B.
mate Nov. 19, 1915
50 folders - Dunder
Observer 1915
Alles "12/16

Christmas Morning.

In the dawn of Christmas morning
When the earth is cold and still
And I listen for the Angels
And their song of Peace, Good will.
Back from out the land of shadows
From the land of Long Ago.
Comes to me the dearest faces
Of the friends I used to know.

And I long to send a message
That will reach my friend so dear
And though many miles divide us
May it bring you Christmas cheer
For in all this weary earth-land
Covered now with spotless snow
There is none I love more fondly
Than my friend of Long Ago.
Oct. 1915.

Christmas Thoughts.

Full many a Christmas morning
Has dawned as bright as this
Have brought the same bright wishes
And the early morning kiss.
The bells have pealed as joyously
And carols just as gay
Have floated on the frosty air
As this - our Christmas day.

But dear heart, we're growing older
And the years so swiftly fly
We can scarce keep track of the holidays
That are ever passing by.
We love the Christmas season
And all the joy it brings
And we love the words of friendship
That round the Christmas clings.
10/16/15.

To Mrs Sayre - {my neighbor.}
My ^{dear Auntie Sayre} dearest friend this is all for you
To tell you again that the Christ-child true
Has entered our dwelling, our hearts and life
And driven from them all care and strife.
This beautiful Christmas morning.

^{your} The loved ones are home from far and near
To bring ^{us} love and Christmas cheer
And it needs no words of me or mine
To give you joy at this Christmas time
This beautiful Christmas morning.

But I wanted to add just this one little token
Of love and good will and friendship unbroken
To tell you again, as I've told you before
I'm glad that I live so near your back door
This beautiful Christmas morning.

Golden Hour Club
Chicago. See.
Cook "12/1/16

19

Spirit of Christmas.

In the dawn of Christmas morning
When the Angels bend to hear
All the words of love and friendships
All the wish for Christmas cheer
It is then our thoughts turn fondly
To the friends of days so sweet
And we send a Christmas greeting
To the ones we long to meet.

When the moon is shining brightly
And the Christmas day is done
When we sit alone and ponder
While the stars peep one by one
It is then we long for loved ones
Who have crossed death's narrow sea
Who are waiting on the border
To have to welcome you and me.

Life is short and all too swiftly
Will these bright days flee away
Let us grasp the Christmas spirit
And give comfort where we may
For our Father loved so fondly
Gave His son wish us to dwell
Let us keep this Holy Spirit
All our lives His love to tell.

Oct. 16. 1915.

Invitation to Bigelow Ave bunch.
On January first, Nineteen Seventeen
Will you come to the home of Nellie A Greene
At Seven in the evening, rain or snow
We'll try to give you pleasure till you have to go.
{ Mrs Lena R. Beam
Nellie A Greene.

To Jane.

You - a maiden tall ^{and} stately
You, a maiden fair to see
Once lived beside my dwelling
In our homely old Dundee.

Your home was broad ^{and} roomy
Underneath the whispering Pines
With a spacious porch in summer
Partially covered over with vines.

The hospitable old hall way
With the front door standing wide
Gave the air of cheer ^{and} welcome
Leaving naught to wish beside.

How you loved the dear old homestead
Loved it more than you could tell
Every little nook ^{and} corner
Held a secret - held it well.

It was here you wrote your letters
Pausing oft to smile or sigh
In the dear old Den, you knew dear
You were safe from prying eyes.

It was in the north-east corner
Always stood the little chair
And the Mother true^{and} loving
Planned and made your dresses there.

In this room, between the windows
Facing true the setting sun
Was the desk over strewn with papers
Here's where Father's work was done,

Up the stairs beneath the Pinetrees
Were two small rooms so bright
The first was yours - the other Betty's
Mother's room was at the right

Over

In your room you kept your pictures,
Treasures dear from childhood's hours
Knick-knacks, notions, little knack knacks,
When you played as free as flowers.

Dolls had never held your fancy
But a horse was your delight
How you loved to feed and drive them
Holding high the reins and tight.

Then one summer by the Lakeside
Met you there a young man true
And he came and called upon you
Because he often - you to woo.

But life for you was not all play time
Money came to you by work
And that store claimed all your freedom
You by nature could not shirk.

Many weeks and months you spent there
Behind the counters dark and old
Always at your post of duty, through
Summers heat and winters cold.

Many days were long and tedious
All life's brightness growing dim
But one thought kept hope still glowing
That the thought of meeting - him.

But with summers hot and dusty
Comes a time when all may rest
And so you wish many thousands
Belained vacation wish the best

By old Seneca's fair waters
Stood "The Pillars" tall and white
And your party gay and laughing
Camped within both day and night.

Over

You and Tom among the gay ones
Did your duties with the rest
Wandering oft among the hills side
Till the sun sank in the west.

Perhaps work was a trifle harder
After such a time for play
But we can not always linger
In the green of life's highway.

You were working for a purpose
With a definite aim in view
For before your mental vision
Rose a home for Tom and you.

And one day when the year was dying
The year you hold with pride
You came down the dear old stairway
And took your place by his side

With Arch-deacon Davis before you
And Gaston and Sib by your side
You stood while he read the sweet service
Which made you Tom Laws fair bride

The supper, flash light and confetti
Were all a part of the game
And always a stern necessity
When any girl changes her name.

Out of the dear old hall way
Into the white moon light

Out of your sweet pure maidenhood
Into a life new and bright

Into a home-nest all of your own
Yours to keep and to love

Angels to guide and direct you dear
Till you reach the homeland above.

An Easter present for Jane Laws after her marriage
the previous New Year eve. - Dec 31, 1914.

March, 1915.

Love sending you these pictures
And I hope you'll like them well
To Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Laws.
From your old friend Nell.

"From him that hath not. -

C. M. B.

Oct. 1915.

The green little Fir tree looked round in despair
At the Maples, the Chestnuts and Oaks
For foxg Jack Frost seeing they had nothing to wear
Had left them all with gay colored coats.
They jilted so snugly and so fine did they look
That their owners were growing quite vain
They puckered and primed in their new Autumn gowns,
Like a girl o'er her beauty insane.
"Aha" said Miss Maple as she shook her proud head
"I'm wonderfully handsome I think
In my splendid new gown of gold and bright red
And my jewels, all yellow and pink."
See my fresh pretty face like a red rose in bloom
And my hair thickly set with fine jewels
Falling down o'er my shoulders like a gallant knight's plume
Which he wears for his lady while fighting his devils.
"Oh yes" cried the Chestnut and Oak in one voice
"You are beautiful to look upon now
But just look at me for a minute or two
And you beauty I think will seem short to endure."

"Oh well, let's not quarrel o'er beauty alone
We are all not ashamed to be seen

But tis truly disgraceful to be near that Fir
Still dressed in her dull sombre green
The poor little Fir hung her head in deep shame
She was not clothed like the rest-

Not a gay scarlet cloak or a gem to her name
No golden brooches to wear on her breast

Forsook she stood her head bowed far down
Her branches were drooping with shame
Her old friends of yesterday because of new gowns
Had deserted her and were scorning her name.

But old Mother Nature looked down from above
And pitied the poor little Fir

She stooped down and kissed her with a sweet word of love
And a soft gentle breeze her branches to stir

Her head slowly raised, her eyes opened wide
At this touch of the hand loved by all

And then came a still small voice by her side

"Fear not. thy virtue never will fall

Thou shalt like a blessing to young and to old
A protection for the needy a shelter from cold

A hut for the wanderer a home for the birds
A retreat for the haunted a fold for the herds
And lo! when their vain neighbors are bare
When all their gay clothing have fallen like rags
In plowing, the sowing, arms heavenward raised
And convulsively shivering they give up the ghost
Tis then, little fir like the warm coat of green
Will shelter thee safely from winter's harsh blast
And here at thy feet, on their fallen shen
The timid creatures of the wild will their trembling bodies gratefully cast
Thus can vain glory live but a day

On jealousy too founded, on love dork it prey
It entangles the victim in a net of false pride
It casts down all mason, with sin too allied,
It climbs ever upward seeking its goal
Till artfully enticing, it imprisons the soul
But when the Master of Destinies, His judgment dork give
Vanity finds it no longer can live,
Oh Vain One! Oh scorner! thou hast nothing at all
Thy soul's no foundation It can not but fall
So eternally wander o'er the valleys dark path-
From him that hath not, shall be taken
Even that which he hath.

The Pansys Appeal.

A dainty little lady with eyes aglow with love
Came tripping down the pathway from the house above
Came to see the Pansys in their nice snug bed
Came to have a chat with them, laughingly she said.

Pretty Pansy blossoms with your hearts of gold
Saucy little faces looking up so bold
I would come a mile or more, just to give you this
Said the dainty lady as she wafted them a kiss.

Said a pretty little Pansy with a mottled face of blue
Since the first-beams of the morning I've thought of none but you
I have stood so straight and slender ^{and} have looked with steady eye
At the glowing sun ^{and} rain drops, so that none might pass me by.

For I longed to be so perfect at the closing of the day
That your eyes would surely see me, when at eve you came our way
Oh Lady, take me with you - Don't you know we all love you
That each tries to out do the other drinking drops of rain & dew.

Don't you think my face the fairest of any yw have seen?
Out of all the other Pansys the South Wind calls me Queen,
With all my heart I've tried to please yw dainty lady fair
Don't yw deem me worthy to adorn your vase so rare?"

Said a saucy little Pansy while she tipped her head so gay
"I ~~am~~ sure my pretty lady yw can never say me "nay"
When I beg to go with yw dear, I am sure yw'll answer yes.
For I've tried my very hardest - more than yw can even guess"

And so each blossom pleaded, smiling sweetly in her face
Begging to be chosen by this gentle, winsome Grace.
"How can any one resist them, I can never never see
So I'll pluck these pretty Pansys ^{and} take them all with me.
July 26. 1915.

Lifes Roses.

"Twere better to send a cheap bouquet
To a living friend this very day,
Than a bushel of roses white and red
To lay on his casket after he's dead."

Twere better to speak one word of cheer
To a hungry soul while he is near,
Than to shout his praise from sun to sun
When they fold his hands ^{and} his work is done.

Twere better to write a letter to day
To that Mother of yours so far away,
Than to write a volume after she's dead
And the clods of earth have covered her head.

Oh friend of mine, be you near or far
Lets follow the rays of the Bethlehem star,
Lets give of lifes roses wherever we may
Nor wait till their sweetness has blown away.

Dec 26. 1915

New Years Eve-

1915

New Year eve again has found us,
In the twilight soft and gray,
Lovingly it lingers round us
~~late~~, it seems, to go away.

Only ~~in~~ ^{the} short-months year we've known you
Dear old year with locks of snow
Many secrets we have shown you
Which the world can never know.

Many pleasures have you brought us
In summers heat and winters cold.
Pain and sorrow both have sought us
Coming oft and growing bold.

To Ell on her Birthday.

My dear old friend of long ago
The birthdays come ^{and} the birthdays go
Each one adding a year to our score
Many have passed, but we're longing for more.

Life is made sweeter by friends who are true,
Mine has been richer because I've known you
For the friends of our childhood are dearer by far
And the joys of those days no future can mar.

The years that so swiftly speed by on their way
~~are~~ bringing us ^{and} a sprinkling of gray
But never your mind, my friend true ^{and} true,
For this Hug-me-tight jacket - I made all for you
Mar. 1916.

3/7/16

A dainty little maiden
Just one year old you say
Came to me in a letter
And I'm glad she's come to stay.
I am pleased to meet Miss Mary (Davison)
More pleased than I can tell
So please accept a "Thank you"
From your old friend - Nell.

To Mrs L Bodine.

Jan 5. 1911

Well here I be and here I am
In the wonderful City of Amsterdam
All snug and warm in a dress of blue
Also a coat of somber hue - what do I care for weather.
Two whole hours I had to wait
In Lyons for the train was late
Was met at the station by a man
When I reached the City of Amsterdam - ^{what do I care for weather}
So now I'm found and settled to
In a nice brick house number Sixty Two
And a letter sent to Division Street
Will reach me if you write it neat
And don't forget to stamp it.

Books I have read.

1903.

The Crisis

Winston Churchill.

Pemberton

Sir Christopher

Maud Wilder Goodwin

Holden with cords

W. M. L. Jay

Through the Dark to the Day

Mrs. Jennie Willing.

The Making of an American

Jacob M. Riis.

David Harum

Edward Royce Westcott

Janice Meredith

Paul Leicester Ford.

Up from Slavery

Booker T. Washington

How Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch

Alice Caldwell Hegan

The Leopard's Spots

Thomas Dixon Jr.

Phila. Pa

Ben Hur

Lew Wallace.

The Lady of the Lily feet.

1904.

Rosecraft.

William M. F. Round

Saved to Serve.

Harriet Cecil Magee.

Esther

Rose Touchette Carey.

Hugh Wynne

S. Weir Mitchell

Ishmael

Infelice

Augusta Evans Wilson

The Bishop's Conversion

Ellen B. Maxwell

1903^(xxx) The Little Shepherd from Kingdom Come - John Fox.

Janet Ward

Margaret Sangster

Tower of London

Wm Harrison Ainsworth

Mary St. John

Carey

The Owl's Nest

E. Marlitt.

Rochester^{N.Y.}
1906^(xxx)

The Crossing (Lapp) Winston Churchill

The Tilled Maiden (S.S.) Caroline Alwater Mason

The Song of a Single Note (S.S.) Amelia Barr.

(xxx) The Virginian " Owen Wister

Hilltop Farm " Sophie Bronson Titterton

A Loyal Heart " Caroline Alwater Mason

Gordon Keith [R.G. Cook] Thomas Nelson Page

Knight-Errant " Edna Lyall.

Red Rock " Thomas Nelson Page.

The Open Door (Hospital 4/18) Blanche Willis Howard

(xxx) The Woodcarver of Lynpus " M. E. Waller

The Battle of Life " Chas Dickins

The Road to Ridgebys " Frank Burlingham Harris

Mrs. Cliffs Yacht " Frank R. Stockton

(xxx) The Helmet of Navarre (SS) Bertha Runkle

(") Lazarre " Mary Hartwell Catherwood

In the Golden Days " Edna Lyall.

Hospital
Rochester
N.Y.

"The Greater Love." ^(Mrs. Pamy) Algernon Sidney Crafsee
The Preachers' Daughter (SS) Amelia E. Barr.

(odd) Nedra (Cook) George Barr McCutcheon
(h. g) The Battle of the Strong (SS) Gilbert Parker.

xxx Dorothu Vernon of Hasdon Hall (Cook) Charles Major
The Right of Way S.S. Gilbert Parker.

Seats of the Mighty S.S. " "

The Silver Skates S.S.

A Kentucky Cardinal S.S. James Lane Allen.

xxx
1907 The Lady of the Decoration (ward) Francis Little
Jane Cable "

xxx Freckles (") Gene Stratton Porter

The House of a Thousand Candles. Meredith Nicholson

Lady Rose Daughter (ward) Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

Dunder
1908 The Man from Red Keg {Library} Eugene Thwing

That Printer of Udell's Library Harold Bell Wright

Hilery on Her Own " Mabel Barnes Grundy

The Fortunes of Oliver Horn " E. Hopkinson Smith

4/24 xxx The Riverman " Stewart-Edward White

xxx The Doctor " Ralph Connor

5/22 The Man without a shadow John Cabot

xxx Rockhaven " Chas. Clark Munn.

1909

In the Bishop's Carriage (Libby) Miriam Michelson

xxx The Girl from Time Place " Chas. Clark Munn

xxx Uncle Terry " " " "

Satin Sanderson Hallie Erminie Rivers

The Hoosier Schoolmaster " Eggleston

I did not read The Blaized Trail " Stewart-Edward White

" " " " Bob the son of Battle " Alfred Allivant

The Hermit " Chas. Clark Munn

Capt'n Ori " Joseph C. Lincoln

Lavender and Old Lace " Myrtle Reed

The Red Badge of Courage " Stephen Crane

Caleb West - Master Diver " C. F. Hopkinson Smith

Kincaids Battery " Geo W Cable

Round Anvil Rock " T Banks

In the Secret Places " Stewart-Edward White

In Search of a Flasher (Lolas) C. 47 Art. Williamson

Spring Spruce " Holman Day

Marguerite (Eee) M. J. Holmes

Peter - Peter " Maud Rford Warren

Cy Whittaker Place " Joseph C. Lincoln

The Goose Girl " Harold McGrath

1910

The Shepherd of the Hills.

Hand Bell Wright.
1909
Catherine Xmas

The Main Chance

Aunt Lucy "Meriah" Nicholson

Aunt Lucy "Meriah" Nicholson

The Whispering Wave

(Liby) Henry Kitchell Webster

The Millionaire

7
" *Madeline Nicholson*

shifting for himself. (Corymbos)

Horatio Alger,

At W. Brainerd's salt-

" " "

Ophie

Partners of the Tide
 Vol 21

" Joseph C. Lincoln.
T.

The Messenger

Tracy

Anne of Green Gables

" L. M. Montgomery

Little Sister Snow

S.S " Francis Little

By the Good Sainte-Anne

" Anna Chapin Ray

The Trooper

" Ralph Connor

The Inner Shrine

" 0 Mr Penrose

The Girl of the Limberlost

(See) Gene Shalou Porter

Evelyns Holly

(man) Charlotti M. Braeme.
(D.)

Lucy Harding

(Ries) Mary J. Holmes.
(Lily)

Set in Silver

C. N. and A. H. Williamson

Judith of the Cumberlands

" Alice MacGowen

Old Rose and Silver

" Myrtle Reed

Myrtle Baldwin

"Charles Clark Munn.

Callings of Dan Matthews

Herold Bell Wright.

Woodcliff-

Emily F. de.

1910

July
only Father's mod

The Girl of the Limberlost	L	Gene Stratton Porter
The Call of the Blood		Robert Hichens
Reziah Coffin	"	Joseph C. Lincoln
Flower of the Dusk	"	Myrtle Reed
Eleanor Lee	"	Margaret Sangster
n.e. Light-fingered Gentry	"	David Graham Phillips
Father's only The House by the Lock	"	Mrs. E. H. Williamson
Roselind at Redgate	"	Meridith Nicholson
For Jacinta	"	Herold Bindloss
Her Mountain Lover	"	Hamlin Garland
The Sunny Side of the Hill		Rose Mouchette Carey
That Printer of Udell's	"	Helold Bell Wright
The Fly on the Wheel	"	Katherine Cecil Thurston
The Man in Lower Ten	"	Mary Roberts Rinehart
Mr. Crews Career	"	Winston Churchill
The Crossing	"	"
The Vergilian	"	Quen Wister
Captain Stormfield's vision of Heaven	uncle my son	Mark Twain
The Wolf	(Play by Chas Somerville) Father's Xmas gift from Berrie	Eugene Walter
1911 Cranston		Mrs. Gaskell
Making of a Marchioness	" " Harriett	Frances Hodgson Burnett
The Calico Cat	striker.	

1911

1/6

Truth Dexter	Striker	Sidney McCall
The Expatriates	"	Lillian Yell
The Voice of the People	"	Ellen Glasgow
Love letters of a Musician	^{Amsterdam} Library	Myrtle Reed.
Betty Alden	"	Jane Austen
Louis Rand	"	Mary Johnston
Heart of Lynn	"	Mary Stewart-Cutting
Through a Needle Eye	Striker	Hester Stretton.
Philip Winwood	"	Robert Neilson Stephens
Senator North	"	Gertrude Atherton
The Redemption of David Corson	"	Chas Frederick Goss.
On the Road to Frontenac	"	Samuel Merwin
The Hearts Highway	"	Mary E. Wilkins
1912 The Warring of Barbara North-		Beverly Bell Wright.
When Wildness was King		
Paul, A soldier of the Cross		Florence Morse Kingsley
Tess of the Storm Country		
A Bunch of Cherries		Mrs L.T. Meade

Knickerbocker
Jan 25, 16

Our Empire State.

You may sing of California,
And the wonders of the plain,
You may climb the highest mountain
Travel through the woods of Maine
You may tell the sweetest story
Of the lands of summer flowers
But the first among the great ones
Is this Empire State of ours.

Chs.

The wonders of Niagara
And the beauties of Lake George
And the awe-inspiring grandeur
Of fair Seneca's great gorge
Fills our hearts with love so loyal
Though we wander leagues away
Back across the bridge of memory
Will our fancies ever stray.

It was here from merry England
Many many years ago
Came the pioneers and settled
By the Mohawks gentle flow
Fighting inch by inch the wilderness
And the solitude so dear
For they claimed for us the vastness
Of our Empire State so dear.

All the lives that made for freedom
In the strife of "Sixty Two"
All the boys who fought so bravely
With the other boys in blue
Gave to us the peace and blessing
And the front row where we stand
So we'll ever love and cherish
This old Empire State so grand.

Nov. 1915.

On the way home from Rochester.

On Father's death Oct 31. 1914.

There's a knot of purple ribbon
And a bunch of autumn flowers
Hanging from the door post
Of this little home of ours,
For last night when all was quiet
And the stars looked calmly down
Faithful watching over God's children
In this lonely Dundee town

Came an Angel grim and somber
With the sword of deathless fame
Came and hovered just an instant
Leaving not for age or name,
In his arms he took my Father,
 frail and feeble, worn with pain
Bore him gently in his bosom
Back among the stars again.

Memories of childhood.

I've been wandering to night in a far-away land
A land of memories old
Where the people I've met and the faces I've seen
Were to me worth millions untold.

I saw in my travels a little brown house
Set far on the brow of a hill
With a school house below it of rich glowing red
By the side of the school house a mill.

I passed by the school house and the butternut tree
And stood ~~for~~ the bridge by the way
I saw it to night as it stood years ago
When "Puss-wants-a-corner" used play.

A village stood near with its church spire ^{white,}
Pointing the way to the skies.
Its main street was rich with old Poplar trees
A feast and delight to the eyes.

Over

There is one thing I'm sure I shall never forget
If I travel this wide world over
And that is the road that leads up the hill
With its fields ^{and} meadows of clover.

Full many a time in the years gone by
When life held ^{nothing} ~~naught~~ but pleasure
We have climbed the hill, my girl chum & I
And froliced with fun, a full measure.

In my wanderings to night in that far-away ^{land}
I went back to the house on the hill
The little brown house of my childhood so dear
With the memories which cling round it still.

I saw in my vision full many a view
Which I thought had been hurried from mind
But they came trooping back - those long hidden joys
For memory shall never go blind.

May the years that have brought us so far on the way
Toward the hill of our highest endeavors
Help us scatter the choicest of memories flowers
On the home of our childhood forever.
Apr. 11. 1916.

National Tribune.

A. Widows Appeal.

In the long and bitter conflict
Waged between the "Blue" and "Gray"
When our nations heart was bleeding
For the carnage day by day.
A young man strong and sturdy
Left his bride, his home, his all
Freely gave his youth and manhood
In response to Lincoln's call.

Three long years, he fought with Butler
Underneath a southern sun.
Bravely bearing trials and hardships
Till at last, was victory won.
(Over)

The Widows Appeal.-

Back he came from out the warfare,
Broken, bent, a wreck indeed.
All the years that stretched before him
Sacrificed to country's needs.

Then the wife took up the burden
Fighting hard for barest needs,
Caring too, for home and baby
Thinking not of noble deeds.
Lost - The little home they'd cherished
That must go for dollars pay.
Now Oh Senators forget not
She needs help at this late day.
July 3., 1916.

Old friend, dear friend
Friend of long ago
I'm sending you a greeting
Because I love you so -
We don't forget the old days
As into the west we go.

Nov. 26. 1916.

"Condolence to a Republican" Nov. 9, 1916.

My heart aches for you my brother

In your loneliness and woe
Life looks dark and drear and cheerless

And the times are hard I know,
For they've re-elected Wilson,

That was such a grave mistake
Hughes was just a little Angel
What a President he'd make.

Life would then be worth the living

Flour and eggs much cheaper too;

Now that Wilson's been elected

What will we poor mortals do?

My new furnace now is useless

All that money spent in vain

Nothing right in all our country

The sun will never shine again.

Over

It was very disconcerting
And unfriendly too I fear.
Just when Hughes had been elected
Such conflicting news to hear.
Congratulations and Condolence
Followed quickly on their way
But the Democrats have squeezed in
Wilson is our choice to day.
Written by request (L.B.)

Thanksgiving 1916.

I am thankful for the blessings
Scattered all along my way
For Mother, home and sunshine
And the good things day by day
I am thankful for the friendship
Of so many tried and true
But my dear - I'm especially thankful
That our Father sent me - you.

"Left."

Alone in a great big city
And night coming on so fast.
All day the storm-clouds had gathered*
And were spilling their contents at last.

The very last train had departed
Home was out of the question that night.
How I longed for its safe protection
And the soul-cheering rays of its light.

A spirit of terror possessed me
My heart was heavy with fear
So weary, tired and exhausted
I forgot my Savior was near.

Out of the storm and the darkness
I found a safe retreat.
In this Hotel clean and tidy
In every detail complete.

Over.

But it was so big and lonesome
And I seemed so very small
I was sure if any thing happened
I'd never be found at all.

The long hours stretched before me
And I counted them one by one
Waiting so snug and cosy
For the cheering rays of the sun.

But my eye was caught in its wandering
By a book on the dresser white
And I seized upon it eagerly
It would dispell my longings quite.

I found it the dear old Bible
A word from Gods own hand
Placed there by a club of Christians,
God bless the "Gideon Band".

Written Feb. 1916. Hotel "Langwell", Elmira, N. Y.

Christmas 1916.

Mrs Fisher - Amsterdam.

Merry Christmas! friends of mine
And a bit of Dundee view
In memory of the pleasant calls
And the welcome I gave you.

This little gift I'm sending
Is all for you, you know
We can't forget our old friends
As the seasons come and go;
If you will look quite closely
In every stitch you'll find
Regards and kindest wishes
Wish-heaps of love combined.

Dear Auntie says this gift so small
Is worth from you no thanks at all.
It's only a wish for Christmas cheer
And health, wealth and happiness all the New Year.

Lena

We've hung a crane in memory's hall,
In the twilight soft ^{and} low,
We've counted the beat
Of a year that's been sweet,
With friendships cheering glow.

We've hung a picture on memory's walls,
Which time can never efface,
Of rocks, streams ^{and} flowers
In the golden hours,
Of autumn's glorious grace.

He's hoping dear, that the years that may come,
Will but ^{strengthen} tighten the cords that bind us,
That the love of a friend
Will endure to the end,
When the last long call shall find us.

Dec 16. 1916.

Read in M.E.
Church by
McConnell.
Dec 24, 1916

"To let the Christ-child in."

When the soft gray gloaming of twilight
Comes stealing from out the west
When we sit in its deepening shadows
In the heart of our own home nest
When the peace of the ~~heart~~^{song} of the Angels
Is filtering through the air
And the blessed spirit of Christmas
Is about us every where.

Let us place in our own front window
Where its ~~rays~~^{light} may be seen from afar
A candle brightly burning
Like the rays of a beacon star.
That the dear little Angel Christ-child
Who is coming to earth to night
May enter our lowly dwelling
Lead them by its cheering light.

Christmas eve

1916.

1917.

Jones' Worthless Pug.

Mr. Jones. he had a dog, a worthless yellow pug.
Good-bye wished him dead ^{and} his hide tanned in a rug.
He would bark in the morning ^{and} he would bark at night,
And he would bark all day long at everything in sight.
He'd bark up a tree and he'd bark in a hole,
He'd bark at a flea ^{and} he'd bark at a mole
He'd sit ^{and} bark for hours at a common blue-tailed fly,
And he'd bark just the same if he was kicked sky high.

I've seen that pug kicked skyward.

A hundred times or more,

And he'd bark in the air

Just the same as on the floor.

That pug would sit on his stub tail

Then quiver, whine ^{and} growl

Alert to chase from off the place

Every cat or fowl.

Each passer by that caught his eye
Was sure of an attack

While pug, beyond the reach of whip,
Would yelp upon his track.

The crack of whip like musketry
I've heard around him storm
And brick bats break just in the wake
Of his receding form.

Every night he'd sit upright on that stub behind
And howl in mournful cadence to the rustling of the wind
When ^{on} the clustered woodland trees echoed back the sound
He'd nearly flip flop backward to bark that echo down,
And the resound of answering hounds upon the midnight air
Kept every living thing awake within four miles of there.

I've heard pug bark at echoes
Till they took heels with fright,
Then pug would bark at Katy dids
The balance of the night.
H. C. Harpending.

I've heard that whelp }
Just howl and yelp } one line
Till poultry with alarm
Would crow ^{and} cackle all night long
On every neighboring farm,

"No room in the Inn."

No room for the little Lord Jesus,
So out in a manger he lay,
But there's room in my life Lord Jesus,
Will you enter my heart to day?

No room for the little Lord Jesus
So they shut and bolted the door
But I'll open the door of my own heart
Will you enter and dwell ever more?

No place for the little Lord Jesus
Only under the sparkling stars
But I'll give him the key
Of every door and gladly remove the bars.

Dec. 24, 1916

From sermon of C. G. McConnell. M. E. Church.

Sticks 7/5/17
sung in M. E Church Apr. 4, 1917 by Vera Paine
Evangelistic singer from
Whida.

Song

The New Day (rewritten)

I wonder each morn when the light comes
And the dawn in the east I see
What God, in His love and wisdom
Holds in the new day for me,
Will it bring me a song of gladness
Or will it bring to me pain,
Hold the hours aught of sadness
Or watching by loved ones again,
But whatever the Father sendeth
That is the thing worth while
And although the tears may be blinding
I'll look in His face and smile.

I wonder each day when the twilight
Comes stealing from out the west
And when in the deepening shadows
I sit in my own home nest
What God in His infinite justice
Has seen in my life this day
(Over)

That might cause one to love him
Or some one to turn away
And so on the night winds sighing
I'll wait a prayer above
Asking my Father in Heaven
To transfer His justice with love.

Last verse written by request (Edith Lanson)
Jan 4, 1917.

Miss M. K.
Dickey N.C. Advertiser.

Isa. 41:13. Motto for 1917.

Oh dear heart so tired and ^{so} weary,
Chained fast by sorrows strong band,
Hav' you forgotten this promise?
"I'll hold thy own right hand."

Your right hand in this, — can't you feel it —
Can't you see the scar of the nail?
Can't you hear the awful thunder
And the echo of that last wail?

For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand
saying unto thee - fear not - I will help thee.

And it was for you that He suffered
On the cross so long long ago,
But that hand reaching down through the ages
just waiting for you - you know.

With your right hand in His - a dear heart
He can't go very far wrong
With your right hand in His my sister
Your sighing will turn into song.

And then comes the best of the promise
The "Holy of Holies", to me,
For in accents so loving and gentle
He is saying, "I will help thee."
January.

Phil 4.19 - My God shall supply all your
need according to His riches in glory by
Jesus Christ.

36.
N.C.A.
accepted and
printed Feb. 1, 1917
M.C. Church
of New Orleans
from Southern
Roman Catholic N.C.

The New Year

1917.

Each year when the bright happy New Year,
Comes dancing across the snow,
And the dear old year is departing,
With steps so weary and slow;
I glance at the path behind me,
The path so crooked and long,
A path oft marked by tear drops,
And bordered by many a song.

There have been some steep slippery places,
When climbing was hard and slow,
There have been (some) rocks and some boulders,
When (I've been) almost too tired to go;
And then when (it was) least expected
I have found a bend in the way,
Where in cool gray shade of the woodland
Gods sun light about me lay.

But the past is fast fading in shadows,
The light is growing so dim,
And I turn from its joys ^{and} sorrows,
And raise my eyes unto Him;
For in His own word He has told me,
He'll take my right hand in His own,
And He'll help ^{me} and keep me ^{and} love me,
And I shall be never alone.

So I turn my eyes to the future
To the untrodden path before
But the haze is so dense ^{and} so blinding
It is in vain to try any more.
I know that the bright, happy New Year
^{is holding} ~~will~~ hold the same good cheer
And the loving Heavenly Father
Will keep me all the new year.

January,

Indexed
Revised
Printed
Dated
Rechecked
Manuscript
1/19/17
10/20/1919

Twilight.

When the first long shadows of evening
Come creeping so noiselessly in,
When we turn our glad eyes to the westward,
Forgetting earth's noise and din,
When we sit in the deepening shadows,
At the close of a long sweet day;
And we fold our arms and listen
To what ^{the night winds may} ~~our own hearts have to say~~ —

There's a peace in the stillness about us,
Which never can come with the sun,
A calm, restful pause, in life's journey,
When we're conscious of duties well done.
Then we dream 'tween the dark ^{and} the daylight
Rose dreams, which may never come true
But they rest us ^{and} strengthen our spirits
Like the flowers asleep in the dew.

And then as the shadows grow deeper,
And the darkness has walled us about,
Then comes
~~we~~ notice a bright silver radiance
Of ^{the moon shining} moonbeams, ~~slipping~~ softly without.
The world is all basked with its beauty
Such beauty no ^{brush} pen can portray
~~And~~ it stills our hearts restless throbbing
And brings peace, at the close of the day.
Sunday Jan. 21, 1917.

The Falls of Glenora.

Enticing the scene of that roaring stream,
When the floods raise her crest to a fury,
Baking the rocks she flows between,
On her course to the Falls of Glenora.

We stray to the cliffs on the banks that uplift
And stand with the boughs that adorn her
Watching the spray as she rushes away
To break at the Falls of Glenora.

In summer we tread on the slates in her bed
Around pools and through glens to explore her,
And by the gorges through which she forges
To kneel at the Falls of Glenora.

And we wonder while there if the world has a can
And if love is the theme of her story,
With the lake at our feet and the clouds at the peaks
That embrace the Falls of Glenora.

On Aunt Abbie's death.

Beyond the sunset she has drifted,
With folded hands ^{and} brow of snow,
With peaceful smile on white lips showing
How glad her soul had been to go.

We can not mourn because she left us,
Our loss is her eternal gain,
She missed her loved ones so sincerely,
And longed to ^{be} walk with him again.

The loneliness, the pain and sorrow,
Now for her has all been passed,
She has gone to join her loved ones,
Joy for her will always last.

All the tears we shed in sorrow
Is selfish sorrow, here below
Perfect love would smile when dear ones
Leave our homes no pain to know.

Apr. 5. 1917
Printed in Dundee
Observed.

Easter 1917.

There's an extra note of gladness,
In the Robin's song to day,
And a burst of joy and triumph,
From the nest across the way,
Every flower is nodding gaily,
All in tune with nature's lay
While the sun is shining brighter,
Just because it's Easter day.

There's a solemn shout of victory,
In the songs the children sing,
And the theme the wide world over,
Is our dead and risen King.
He has broken bonds and fetters
He has set all prisoners free,
He has conquered death and sorrow,
And waits above for you and me.

4/6/74
Keith's Music House
581 Broadway Long Branch N.J.

Uncle Sam needs you.

There's a call comes ringing through the land to day
Ringing loud, ringing clear, ringing true,
It is echoed from the mountains, it is echoed from the bay,
'Tis the call "Uncle Sam needs you."

Chorus.

Uncle Sam needs you, Uncle Sam needs you.
Young man of muscle, brave and true,
Uncle Sam needs you. Uncle Sam needs you
Are you ready for the conflict, he is calling you.

There's a call that is echoed in your heart young man,
Ringing solemn, ringing deep, ringing low,
'Tis the needs of your country saying, "Stop me if you can,"
Uncle Sam is needing you, will you go? (Ch.)

There's a cry that is creeping through our land of the brave,
Filled with anguish, filled with sorrow and woe,
'Tis the cry of the Mothers facing situations grave,
Uncle Sam needs your boy, let him go. (Ch.)

There's a sigh that is stealing through our land to day
Creeping softly, creeping sadly ^{and} slow,
'Tis the memory of our soldiers in the "blue" ^{and} "gray"
Uncle Sam called our boys long ago. (Ch.)
Apr. 6. 1917.

When the whole blamed world
Seems gone to fact,
And business on the bum
And a two cent grin ^{and} a lifted chin
Helps some, my boy, helps some.

A thrifty housewife always has a place to keep her tins
Her pots ^{and} pans ^{and} other things as well as her clothes pins,
If round her waist this bag shall tie
When pinning clothes they're handy by.

To Minnie Kieover, when sending a clothespin bag
for her "Hope Chest".
Apr. 28, 1917.

The little cares that fretted me
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields, above the sea,
Among the winds at play,
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might happen
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay,
Among the husking of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod.
Where ill thoughts die and good are born
Out in the fields with God.

Sunday - June 24, 1917.

Just whistle a bit if the day be dark
And the sky be overcast;
If mute be the voice of the piping lark—
Why—pipe your own small blast.

And it's wonderful how o'er the gray sky-track
The transient warbler comes stealing back.
But why need he come? For your souls at rest,
And the song in the heart,—ah, that is best.
Paul Laurence Dunbar.

To Lee on her 52nd birthday Mar. 7. 1918.
Dear friend, true friend, friend of long ago
We can't forget the birthday
As the seasons come and go.
May each year bring more blessings
And each month a golden gain
May love and joy and peace be yours
Till March comes back again.
N.A.G.

To Lena,

It was your birthday Lena

In nineteen seventeen,

And a more beautiful morning
Was seldom ever seen.

Our party of eight left the station

With faces turned toward the "Glen",

"Syracuse" joined us later

Then, I believe, there were two,

At the entrance we ate our dinner

And believe me, it was some dinner too,

Every one furnished his quota

And all was in honor of you.

Can't you still taste those chickens?

Four of them furnished by Press,

Elizabeth brought us the dressed-up eggs

And I furnished biscuit I guess.

Letter sent ~~a~~ cake from Dresden

A cake that would melt in your mouth,
I'm sure that no one could beat it;
Should we search from the north to the south.

We had pickles^{and} olives and apples
With cigars and pictures thrown in,
And we laughed as much as we cared to
This Sunday we committed no sin.

We were tired ^{and} breathless ^{and} happy
When we climbed the last long long stair,
And under the shade of the maples
Found Aunt Alice ^{and} Clark waiting there.

We are wishing you many more birthdays
And hoping they'll all come our way
Thanking the Angels in Heaven,
For the gift of this one perfect day.

Aug. 13, 1917.

To Nona (After baby Truman died.)

Gods Angel loaned you a baby.

A bright eyed beautiful boy.

With his merry laugh and chatter

He filled your home with joy.

He was bonny and blith and winsome.

With a heart so loving and true

And your loving Heavenly Father

Loaned this wonderful flower to you.

But He came one beautiful morning

And took to Himself, His own,

And left you so cold and forsaken

You felt you were almost alone.

So we seek the fairest of blossoms

For those whom we hold most dear

So He, for His garden in glory

Kissed yours and He left you a tear.

Your poor mother-heart is nigh broken,
And life looks so dark and so sad
For yours missing the smiles ^{and} carresses
Of your baby - your bonny wee lad.

Try to think - ye poor broken hearted
Of his bright smiling face up above,
Waiting ~~you~~ ^{you're} sweet in the dear Father's garden
Where nothing can enter but love.

Aug 1917.

Later - Nov. 1917. (After Norman's death.)

And now in His love ^{and} His wisdom,
He has entered your home once more,
And instead of one loving baby
You have two on that golden shore.

They are free from all sorrow ^{and} heartache,
Earth's pain ^{and} temptations are o'er
They are waiting a Father and Mother
Where partings will come never more.

Dundee
Oct 17. 1862

What were life without our Nellie
What would our home circle be
Without Nellies fond caresses
Blithesome laugh and merry glee

How deserted were our hearthstone
And our hearts how sad and drear
Were it not for Nellies presence
Did we not her prattling hear

All day long we think of Nellie
Of her parting kiss so sweet
Of her stories and caresses
When again at night we meet

When the twilight hour approaches
Down the gravel walk she comes
To the garden gate to meet us
With a kiss to greet us home

Over

Lines memorized by Mother in 1869.

And we love to hear her stories
Little trifles, though they be
All about her doings and play things
As she sits upon our knee,

Little Nellie's always happy
Happy as the days are long
Banishing both care and sorrow
With her merry laugh & song.
Sept. 16, 1917

To Aunt Sabe on her 90th birthday.
Ninety years you've tread life's pathway,
Spunkled well with smiles & tears,
And God's sky has been above you,
Through this long & shining year,
He has held your hand and whispered
Through the dark all through the day.
"Look up sister brave & cheerful,
I will lead you all the way."

Printed in
Rochester, N.Y.

Do your "bit."

Lift your chin a little higher,
Raise your eyes a little higher,
To the goings of the lowering clouds above.
Draw a breath a little deeper
This life's path grows steep^{er} and steeper
There's a God on His throne of love.

Set the face now firm^{er} and steady
With a purpose true^{er} and ready
Tho' the war clouds roll above you black as night,
Grip life's tasks a little tighter
Help your neighbors to grow lighter.
If his son is in the training or the fight.

We have now no place for slackers,
Uncle Sam has need of packers
Of this burden which has fallen to our share.
Many hands make tasks grow lighter,
And our soldiers lives grow brighter,
If we do our "bit" to lift this load of care.
Dec 1, 1917.

A Neglected Grave.

Some body stood by a new made grave,
With eyes overflowing with sorrow,
Some body's heart grew cold with pain,
At the thought of a lonely morrow.

Some home was missing a small childish face
The sound of laughter ^{and} winsome grace
A pillow uncrumpled where pressed a wee head
And some hearts were aching, for baby was dead.

The years have marched on in their swift, silent tread,
And covered with mosses this small lonely bed,
Yet deep in the mother's heart the far she may roam,
Dwells the memory of baby ^{quickly gone} ~~so soon~~ taken home.

Dec 2. 1917.

Christmas - 1917.

People making calendars,

This year were quite forgetful,
For Christmas was "left off" of mine,
For which - I am regretful.

Christmas spirit's in the air,
Christmas bells are chiming,
Nought have I to send but love,
With this bit of rhyming.

Dec 11, 1917.

This world has just gone crazy.

All we hear is "Hooverize",
With tirades against the lazy
And lectures on economy;
They'd have us use tin cans for fuel
And bran for wheat to win this strife
Some people think these methods cruel,
I've been doing them all my life.

Printed
Rochester Herald
sent to "Woman's
Note" May 13, 1878.

Our Home-land.

We love our own dear home-land

Our land so free ^{and} true,
Across the sea in other lands

They call it - "Free land" too:
It was bought with tears ^{and} bloodshed.

In the days so long ago,
And that is just the reason.

We love it well you know.

We have paid our toll for freedom

As the years have passed us by,
And many a brave young soldier

In a far-off grave do lie:
O how many a tear ^{and} heartache

Has been hidden to the day
As brave mothers, wives ^{and} sweethearts

Prayed for soldiers far away.

Now we're in the greatest conflict
That the world has ever known,
It will echo down the ages,
By the cruelty it's shown:
Now again the wives and mothers,
Will give Uncle Sam their men,
And with eyes all dimmed and tearstained
Bravely face the world again.

We are proud of our brave soldiers
Of "our boys" in khaki clad,
They are leaving home and country
Their eyes are bright and hearts are glad;
For they love their own dear home land,
And will give their hearts best blood,
As they pay a toll for freedom
For their country and their God.

A Soldier's daughter. N.H.
Feb. 16. 1918.

Read
in M.E. church
at Memorial service
by Mrs. J. W. Jannings.
R.D. Watkins

Decoration Day 1918.

From the orange groves of the distant west,
To the rocky coast of Maine,
From the pebbled shores of our own Great Lakes
To the south of our vast domain;
There's a tear in the eye of matron ^{and} maid
As they sprinkle the flowers so gay
On the honored graves of our soldier dead,
The boys in the blue ^{and} the gray.

Because of this terrible conflict
That is raging across the sea
Where thousands of Khaki-clad laddies,
Are fighting for you ^{and} for me,
Our thoughts are more tender more grateful
On this Decoration day,
And our hearts are thrilled with a deeper love
For the boys in the blue ^{and} the gray

To-day the flag of our nation
Of the whole wide world the best,
Will float from the graves of our soldiers
In the north, in the south, east and west.
We will sprinkle the mounds with blossoms
And the birds will carol a lay,
For the soldier so quietly resting
For the boys in the blue and the gray.

While the stars and the stripes at half-mast
Are floating upon the breeze,
We'll waft a prayer to our Father,
For our brave boys over the seas.
God keep them, and guide and bless them,
Our khaki-clad laddies so brave,
And bring them safe back to the fireside
Victorious! to the land they will save.
N. A. G.

May 23. 1918.

June 17. 1918.

To Lieutenant Ch. E. Sayre D. R. C.
24 Engineers A. E. F.
Amer. P. O. 713

Good morning Easton, good morning
Some storm we had last night,
A regular down-south cloud-burst.
Tried to wash us away all right,
But sin, so tremendously heavy,
Held us in place secure.
So little Dundee is still on the map
Doing business the same as of yore.

The rovers are perfectly perfect,
After their deluge of rain,
And are holding their heads a bit higher
To greet the bright sun light again;
Two shrubs and three exquisite-roses
I put in my yard this year,
And they're looking so thrifty and healthy
They are all going to live - I fear

Maudie Boyce has been having the measles
Likewise Florence Corey too

Lauren Hammer and many more grown-ups,
And school children far from a few;
Do ^{you} remember Lola Stevens?

The girl Nott Skiff was to wed?
He died - and she married Wixson.
And now she too is dead.

I want this especially cheerful,
So I'm telling you all of the woes,
That's always a habit of spinsters,
And the way life usually goes.
I'm writing to Stanley Dennis,
For both Perry Chrysler and he,
Are some where in France this morning,
I'm still chasing men - you see.

Well Easton, my brain is worn thread bare,
Got another blest thing can I say,
So I'll just put a stop to this nonsense,
And hope for a letter some day.
I know you're as busy as ever,
And so glad to know you keep well,
God keeps you and bring you back safely,
Is the wish of your old friends
Well.

Under the Apple tree.

Under the drooping apple tree boughs,

I'm safe in my cool retreat,

The ivy vine making a screen at the south-
Where the grasses are rank and sweet.

The Syonaga bush with its perfume rare.

Brings comfort and rest and cheer.

No matter how trying the day may have been,

There's peace and seclusion here.

The hammock invitingly offers a place

Where I may forget life's cares,

The garden swing says with its very best smile

"You'll find comfort in one of my chairs."

The pansies are nodding a welcome sweet

The roses are bursting with pride

The bees and the butterflies love this retreat

And the birds hunt their feasts at its side.

The sunlight plays truant ^{and} often steals in
Just to flicker with the flowers ^{and} the birds.
But at night when the moonlight so softly creeps through
Then beauty surpasses mere words.
The silvery glint ^{and} its soft glowing light
Its radiance so restful and divine.
Brings rest to the spirit ^{and} peace to the soul
And turns the hearts love back to him.

June 16. 1918.

Sent to
Normans
made many
Nov. 17. 1918.

"Peace" Nov. 11, 1918.

The dawn of peace is breaking
The dawn of a holier day!
When the clash of arms ^{and} the battle smoke
Will forever be cleared away;
When the world will be safe for democracy
And our land be free indeed
When the nations of all the earth shall meet
And consider each others need.

When the Lord, the God of our fathers
Shall look from His Throne on High
And shall smile at the transformation
Whence came Belgium's pitiful cry;
When the dear little starving children
In the lands across the sea
Shall once again shout with laughter
And be clothed as they used to be.

When the sun in its path descending
Shall go down on the far-famed fields
When no-mans-land shall be fertile
And plough shares be made of shields.
In the years of the reconstruction
When our khaki-clad lads may be gray
America - brave, true and fearless
Will thank God for the "Peace" of today.

"The Good Old Summertime" of 1921.

I've mopped my brow till the darn things sore
But still I keep on sopping and then sop more.

The thermometer climbed so high that the darn thing broke
Then winked at the sun as though it was a joke.

The earth has been a sizzling and is now so hot and dry,
If a shower should fall upon it - it would burst sky high.

Whenever you go to walk in any town or street,
"How do you like the weather" - is the only thing you meet.

My very bones are burning ^{and} would "siss" with moisture near
I'm very sure I won't be cool before the next New Year.

July 8, 1921

Mother - Died Mar. 19, 1921.

The day was cold and dark and dreary
As we watched by Mother's bed
And she was old and feeble and weary
And her last farewells were said.

My dear little "All right" Mother,
Was slipping into the west,
Gladly leaving this earth world
For her peaceful longed-for rest.

She smiled as I bent above her
And smoothed the gray hair from her brow
Her lips only framing the message.
My voice never reaching her now.

Sleeping - so peacefully sleeping
She slipped from my side away
Into the wonderful brightness
Of God's most perfect day.
Nellie A. Greene.

We are nothing much to look at
As you surely will agree
Just a tiny little cottage
Tucked beneath an old elm tree
But my mistress bids me ask you
With my most expansive smile
If you'll come to us your birthday
And wish-us tide while?

We can offer you no viands
Of a nature rich and rare
But in some cosy corner
We will offer you a chair
And we'll give you such a welcome
That I'm sure you will forget
All the joys the rich might offer
And be glad that we have met.

June 18, 1888
 June 19, 1888
 June 20, 1888
 June 21, 1888
 June 22, 1888
 June 23, 1888
 June 24, 1888
 June 25, 1888
 June 26, 1888
 June 27, 1888
 June 28, 1888
 June 29, 1888
 June 30, 1888

June 18, 1888
 June 19, 1888
 June 20, 1888
 June 21, 1888
 June 22, 1888
 June 23, 1888
 June 24, 1888
 June 25, 1888
 June 26, 1888
 June 27, 1888
 June 28, 1888
 June 29, 1888
 June 30, 1888

Turkey
Send Vernalas to

✓ May D
" E

Mrs B.

✓ Minnie K

✓ Lily.

Lottie.

✓ Uncle not

✓ Aunt Em.

✓ Matt

✓ Ella F.

✓ Anna Myers

✓ Lydia

✓ Garrison.

100 Dollars

7/17/17 Ell - new year. Glendon + New Day 2nd year
" 1917
2/17/17 " Dickie" Motts, Turleight, Xmas Candel, New Day
new year 1917.

Mate - Glendon

{ Sent copy of Decoration Day to Easton, also
picture of Sayns back doff, Glendon Fells + 5 Pigeons

June 13. 1918.

Womans Natl Mag. "Our Home Land"

Mrs Sayre	-	Carrie Brinson	-	Rose
Minnie B.	-	May Ellison	-	James L
Nellie.	-	" D	-	Walter
Lottie	-	Lily	-	Bessie Lewis
Ell	-	Minnie Sweet	-	Nona
Fernie Sage	-	Ella Fish	-	Mrs Pitcher
Lydia Hopkins				

Nut Bread (excellent)

$\frac{1}{2}$ cups brown sugar

$1\frac{1}{4}$ " sour milk

1 teaspoon soda - (not heaped)
salt.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups graham flour

$\frac{1}{2}$ " chopped meats

Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Lanson.

Soda Phosphate

teaspoon in hot water each morning

Receipt for steamed brown bread Aunt Ann
Purse
Shoes

Made picture of Glenora
Tute, "Homelands" - "Do you like?"

